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no.9

El Palacio

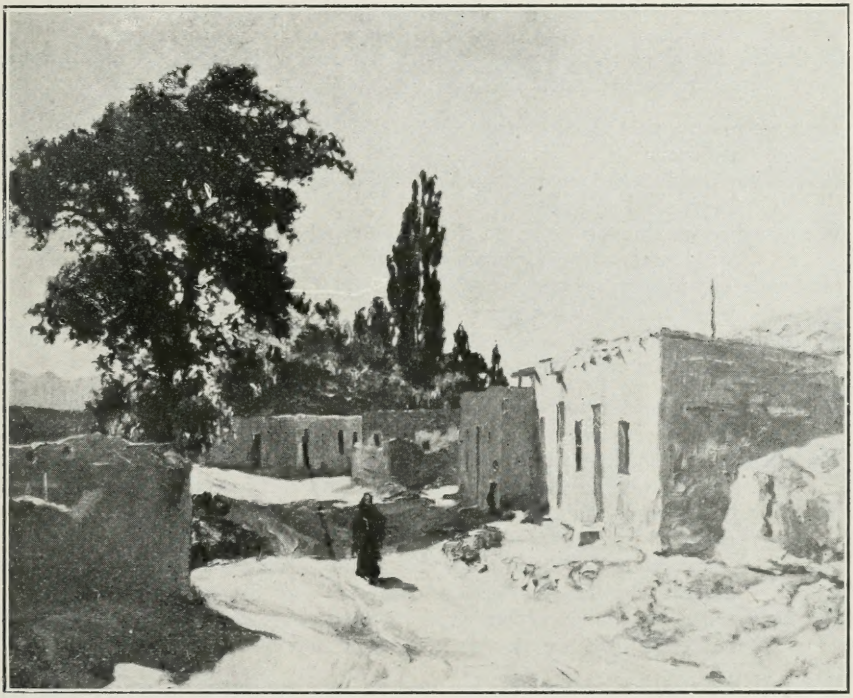
Published by the Museum of New Mexico and the School of American Research

A Semi-Monthly Review of the Arts and Sciences in the American Southwest.

Sent free to Members of the New Mexico Archaeological Society and the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 16, 1918.

Vol. X. APRIL 1, 1921. No. 9.



AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

After Painting by Walser Ufer

TRAIL'S END

EACH to his trail end, they came to the limit, those ghosts of gray centuries, dreamers long dead;
Here where the Tewas and outliers trod; over shadowed desert and shining watershed,
Where dry tracks star together, where a little river ran, where high ranges silt down brown arroyos today;
They left us a stone at the end of the trail; one milestone the more in our race with delay;
Where motors roll in, dry and dusty as their drivers, they left us a mark toward tomorrow—on our way.

Antelope, buffalo, burro began it, in furry folk migrations; red men and white
Quietly closed in on them; scalping parties slashed it, branding it with torment where the Padres saw their Light,
Felt a flame devouring; where weary Aztec women following lost lovers bore their children of despair.
Steel Conquistadores, stately Spanish ladies, rapier eyed Inquisitors took and stole their share
Of the life that like a river, flowing up from Mexico, lapped by red rock benches that it mounted, stair by stair.

Then we rose to meet them; up from the ocean, West from the Father of Waters we drew;
Steered our prairie schooners over endless ridges where the ruts in ranks went on, in furrows old and new.
We ploughed on through peril; prairie fires plunging through, we fought the whirlwind riders and red eddyings of fate.
Husbanded by hunger, suckled by dry dugs of thirst, our women and our little ones woke and heard too late
The murmur of some water course, near the peach plantations where the Mormons made their mystery inside a canyon gate.

We came in Concord coaches, we passed with pony riders; we took the gold trails farther west; we trapped to Puget Sound.
The strongest hardly halted; but the women and the children in the tilted, sunwarped wagons whose wheels went round and round
Slowly, very slowly, as the ox teams swayed and plodded, crooning old time lullabys stood up and saw at last
From their precious strip of shadow the Rio of the Padres and the old gray town around it—wide blue skies or overcast—
We lumbered down the last brown grade, we rolled around the Plaza, we found inside the Fonda greasy dice we seized and cast.

We laid down stakes adventuring; we dealt in furs and furniture; grubstaking and homesteading we begot and bore today.
We took and tamed a continent, from ocean on to ocean side; we tied salt seas together with an endless iron way.
We tunneled through to triumph; we wasted what our fathers won; we were watchful in our waiting in a world at war; and then

We woke at last adventuring and pioneering overseas; we made the nations know
once more we still were breeding men.
Now we trade beside the Plaza, and our women waste our heritage; but the blood
that made us whispers still—
"We will take the trail again."

John Curtis Underwood. Santa Fe. 3-22-21

LECTURE BY DR. PEABODY

DR. Charles F. Peabody, the Harvard savant and Director of American Archaeology for Andover Phillips Academy, spent several days in Santa Fe on his way home to Cambridge from the Pacific Coast. Together with the Associate Director of the Museum he visited Pecos to inspect the excavations which have been under the auspices of his department, Dr. A. V. Kidder being in direct charge. On Saturday evening, March 19th, he delivered a lecture in the library of the Museum on "Prehistoric Painting and Sculpture." It was greatly enjoyed by the group of people who gathered to greet Dr. Peabody, who is a member of the Board of Regents of the School of American Research and also Recorder of the Archaeological Institute. Dr. Peabody has been appointed director of the new foundation for prehistoric research in France, which has just been created jointly by the Anthropological Association and the Archaeological Institute. After being introuced by the Associate Director Bloom, Dr. Peabody explained the scope of the Foundation and invited students to accompany him to France this summer in order to excavate the site presented to America. He then, in word and picture, outlined the prehistoric art of humanity as far as discovered, bringing it up to a period, of fifteen thousand years ago. He sketched the culture of the River Drift people in England and northern France, who lived in the interglacial period, probably some Two Hundred Thousand years ago, when the climate of that region was so balmy as to make clothing and shelter unnecessary. He showed pictures of their chipped flint implements and then passed on to the art of the cave people of the Aurignacean and Mousterian periods. Upon the screen were thrown reproductions of the wonderful wall paintings, sculpture and clay figures found in the caves of the Dordogne near Bordeaux and the Altamira cave near Santander, northern Spain. He also made reference to the animal and human figures on the cliffs near Barcelona and in the prehistoric caves of the Pyrenees, as well as similar finds in Moravia. Dr. Peabody held the close attention of his audience, interspersing his remarks with the stories of how these finds were made, the scientific disputes that raged over them, and also the hospitable entertaiment he enjoyed while examining the sites in southern France. At the conclusion of the lecture he exhibited chipped obsidian he had picked up at Pecos the same day, and compared it with flints that he had brought with him and which he classified in chronological sequence, beginning with the River Drift age and going through cave periods 1, 2, 3 and 4. He pointed out significantly that the obsidian picked up at Pecos, although probably not more than two thousand years old, resembled the flints brought from Europe and dating back tens of thousands of years, indicating that at similar stages of cultural development, and given the same material in similar environment, human beings will fashion similar artifacts.

THE INDEPENDENT SHOW

By Henry McBride in New York Herald

I HAD always thought it was the Academy that was to be the death of me, but as it happened it was the Independent Society that came nearer putting me out. One may die, it seems, from pleasure as well as from pain. From the joys of that mad "private view" on Friday night I was carried like a crumpled leaf to a bed of pain, where I have lain prostrate ever since. Fortunately for me by the time these lines shall appear the academy itself will have opened its doors, and the academy, my physician assures me, will be an excellent antidote for my malady. He advises me to spend as large as possible a per centage of my convalescence in that institution. The academy, he says, is wonderful for "nerves."

But the Society of Independents certainly is not.

It is impossible to take it calmly.

In every alcove—the exhibition is arranged as usual in alcoves, the pictures being alphabetically hung—in every alcove there were groups of laughers or groups unduly heated in argument, or groups gloomy with serious worship. The pictures, get looked at, that's certain, and get talked at too. This is what pictures are for, of course, but no picture exhibitions in America, with the exception of the famous Lexington armory show, ever met with the quick response from the public that these of the Independents have.

Clergymen who preach dull sermons to empty benches and stodgy artists who paint pictures that no one will look at are inclined to scoff at the effervescence that takes place in the Waldorf roof and say it is not the real thing. That is just where they are mistaken. It is real, and the pictures are real. Many of them are such naive and pretentious attempts tha it is impossible not to laugh at them, and others represent the first or the last stages of ignorance, and still other pictures are the highly intelligent experiments of the progressive artists in the community. But the good, bad and indifferent among these works of art have one quality in common, that of earnestness, and it is to this that people respond.

As to the moral of this year's independent show—whether new tendencies are foreshadowed in it, whether its vivacities are greater than last year, whether anything native to this soil is springing up in it—all that must wait for a more propitious moment. The perfect fairness of the alphabetical hanging has to be paid for by the critics who find it impossible to classify so large a haystack of pictures within the time at their disposal. But a few of the contributions that stood out at the "private view" may be noted. It is a characteristic as has been stated before, that at a first visit to the Independent exhibition it is only those works that have something sensational in them that catch the eye. Gems of quieter ray serene unfold themselves only to the more determined students.

Here are a few of the exhibits:

The chance of the lottery gave the first gallery to the Vs, and two paintings by Gustave Verbeek, that at first glance appear to be mere scrapings from a palette, are the first two things by the door. Most people enter with such a propulsion of eagerness that they miss these two works entirely, but those who take the indignant second glance see after a minute (that is if they have any color sense themselves), that these apparent daubs are in genuine harmony and even that a poetic suggestion of something seen in nature comes through after a while.

But Mr. Verbeek's two pictures never would have been admitted to any official exhibition in this world, although it

must be admitted that they are only a little wilder than some of the wild things of Monticelli, which would now get into any official collection.

Near by are two tiny paintings by Jack Yeats of Donnybrook, Dublin, that I shall probably decide later on to be the two best pictures in the show. One of them bears the innocent title, "Going to the Races" but to the scared New Yorker, fresh from a reading of the newspapers, there seems to be something suspiciously grim in the expressions of the pleasure seekers. But its a fine picture.

Near by, too, is a decorative male figure by Claggett Wilson, bearing aloft a platter of fruit, the figure being partly screened by a flock of blue and green birds. The apparition of these birds struck a brilliant mot from Mr. Carl Van Vechtem on Friday night. Unfortunately the mot contained a slight touch of Gallicism that will prevent its publication in any of the higher class New York journals. Those interested, however may obtain the mot by enclosing a stamped envelope to Mr. Van Vechten, direct.

Directly in front of the work is a bronze that shows how Mrs. Harry Payne had cubism thrust upon her. It is the remains of her group, "Buddies, that participated in the fire at the Architectural League last year, and has lost a head and several arms and legs, but is fuller of the real feeling of war than ever.

I have about concluded never to go to Taos or Santa Fe with John Sloan. To his "Picnic on the Ridge" he has dragged, as usual, half of Greenwich Village with him, and some of the guests have motored over. It's all right of course, and the West is West, but in the pictures it looks precious like some of these temporary settlements along the banks of the upper Bronx.

Mr. Sloan's picnic is by moonlight, but perhaps to be moonlight by contrast with the burst of sunlight that emerges from Miss Florine Stettheimer's careful and realistic study of the beach at Asbury Park. There was never such sunlight as appears in this picture.

It is so powerful that many persons with normal eyesight assure that they can see great sun rays protruding beyond the frame. Though not a pre-Raphaelite, Miss Stettheimer does everything from nature, particularly the figures. By way of precaution she takes them with her on her painting trips. Consequently one sees telling studies of Mme. Alvarez, Mr. Carl Van Vechten and Mr. Marcel Duchamp and others in the foreground of the illuminated and illuminating study. The picture is remarkable in being the first of Miss Stettheimer's in which no refreshments have been served. The guests get only sunlight, but they get plenty of that.

Honors for Mr. Springer.

At the Centennial Celebration of George Washington University, Washington, D. C., the degree of Doctor of Science was conferred upon Hon. Frank Springer, in recognition of his achievements as paleontologist and archaeologist. Among others upon whom degrees were conferred at the same time were Ambassador Jules J. Jusserand of France; Ambassador Beltran Mathieu of Chile; Ambassador J. Rolandi of Italy; U. S. Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire, Senator Key Pittman of Nevada; President Charles A. Richmond of Union College, and a number of others. Together with the entire Commonwealth, the Museum is proud of the honor conferred upon its benefactor and regent, whose published works comprise many large volumes and whose researches as a scientist as well as eminence as a member of the bar and public spirit manifested in his gifts to the State, easily make him New Mexico's foremost and most useful citizen.

WOMAN SEES STEEL

By Mary Austin in the March "Bookman"

MANY people have been looking forward to this book of Mary Heaton Vorse's for more reasons than a desire for information on the steel situation. It is the first book of importance dealing with the subjects women will have to face in their new capacity of citizenship, with a voice in its final determination. In what spirit and manner will women communicate with one another on these things?

Mrs. Vorse is one of the investigators employed by the International Church Movement to report on the steel situation, one of the most acute industrial problems in the United States. Her experience and dependability in making such researches are sufficiently attested,and opportunities to learn were exceptional.

Everyone is familiar through the daily news with the issue of that investigation, and the part it played in the check, and presumably overthrow, of the International World Movement. Naturally the question arises, what is there in the way a woman saw the situation that throws light on the inter-relations of the church and the economic and industrial world of men?

From the first page of "Men and Steel," which is agreeably published in a style that brings its price within all reach one discovers a characteristic feminine directness in the approach. Mrs. Vorse went to see steel and that is what she saw, the whole gigantic process accepted as a fact the way women accept things. Steel! After a little the confused, overpowering impression resolved into elements: smoke, fire, slack, steel towns, houses of steel workers, and finally men. Always she sees the men in little, dwarfed by the things they serve. Always she sees them humanly. Nowhere is there any attempt to corner our sympathy for the steel workers as such, no abuse of steel owners; no discoverable bias, nothing in fact, but the steady, delicate stroke on stroke of a woman's seeing She sees the sordid tenements of the river bottoms at Braddock, "two story brick houses... the courts bricked and littered with piles of cans, piles of rubbish, bins of garbage, hillocks of refuse..... pale children paddled in the squashy filth and made playthings of ancient rubbish." A little later she says, "What condemns them to live there is their children; the more children the less chance of escape." Of two men she met, Milko and Pasterik, Pasterik has escaped to live in a house of his own with an outlook. Milko explains, "Four of his children die of diphtheria. My children they all live," so for Milko there is no escape. On such observed and unremarked-upon incidents Mrs. Vorse rests her case.

It is the bright singularity of Mrs. Vorse's methed that she nowhere attempts to do the reader's thinking for him. Neither does she make any attempt to overweight the situation in favor of the workers, by playing on the reader's emotions. Here her magnanimity toward her audience is supreme, for Mrs. Vorse is a literary artist ranking high in our native galaxy. Readers of fiction know what she can do in the way of plucking at the strings of pity and rage and gayety; but the style of "Men and Steel" is almost stark. The sentences are short, the descriptive matter reduced to a minimum, the writer's own reactions have about that relation to the narrative that the polished surface of a mirror has to the reflection in it. You may remark in passing that it is a fine mirror, but it is the reflection, after all, that claims you. There is no blurring of the lines. If she shows you the workers suffering unjustifiably under the situation, she shows them

in the same stroke as rather ignorant and helpless. If she shows the owners, the burgess and the paid constabulary, as prejudiced and brutal, she also shows them as resting under our general human limitation. She shows them, and this is where the book bites at last, as us.

That I think, is Mrs. Vorse's final judgment on the steel situation. Both the steel strike and the manner in which it was finally worn down and stamped out, the reason why it was never intelligently adjudicated, why the germs of another greater and still more wasteful strike were simply swept into dark corners there to fester and breed, are to be found in the lack on the part of the American public of any wholesome and rectifying attitude toward it. We are either not so intelligent a public as we have liked to think ourselves, or we are much more selfish and intellectually indolent. There can never be any "good, sensible settlement" of the steel workers' troubles, because up to date there is a total lack of "good, sensible" suggestions. As a last touch Mrs. Vorse effectually disposes of our lazy and self-exculpating way of dismissing the subject saying, "Well, if they don't like it here, why don't they go back where they came from," by showing that thousands of them ardently long to go back out of this unimagined confusion and disappointment of American industrialism, but that the conditions of the steel industry do not permit them to save the price of the passage.

I can offer no better evidence of the quality of Mrs. Vorse's book than the effect it has so unmistakably produced on the reviewer. Perhaps an important item of that effect is the manner in which the book has been put together. For the first time we have a serious and dependable book on industrialism, which is not cast in the pattern laid down in the eighteenth century. There is in "Men and Steel" not a trace of the influence of the cloister or the university which has so far determined the general mode of presentation of serious subjects. The long, argumentative chapter, the solid grey page, the academic insistence on a sequence of presentation which has nothing to do with the way in which the facts are gleaned from life and experience—all these are banished from Mrs. Vorse's book. It proceeds by paragraphs, each with its own caption, suitably isolated from other paragraphs to which it has no relation except that they are parts of a whole. When there is no more to be said on a subject, the paragraph stops, even at the unheard of expense of leaving the rest of the page blank.

Perhaps the best way to characterize the book is to say that it is entirely feminine, recognizing that femininity in intellectual procedures is nothing to be afraid of, may even have an important service to perform in releasing us from the Podsnappery of the intellect.

IT IS WRITTEN

Red Earth by Mrs. Henderson.

The recent duet between the English writer D. H. Lawrence and Walter Lippman in the New Republic apropos of the possible Red Man influence on our writers shows that Europeans may be more subtly perceptive of American tendencies than Americans themselves—especially those Americans who have only a superficial acquaintance with what H. L. Mencken calls the "hinterland" beyond the Alleghanies. So far as the critics are concerned, the Middle West is now securely "placed;" the Far West, too, is recognized; but the Great Plateau in between, where, as Mr. Lippman says, the Indian is now "interned," and so disposed of, is still largely an unknown quantity. But there are signs, as Mr. Lawrence indicates, that the "interning" of the Indian may not be the end of him as a cultural and spiritual force.

One of these signs is a book of poems, "Red Earth," by Alice Corbin, recently published by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago, in which Indian skies and In-

dian soil have combined with European traditions to produce poems of a distinctly original and indigenous flavor. The Indian influence is not here merely "applied," as Mr. Lippman lightly says that it may be in the graphic arts; it is more deeply assimilated. The poems included in the section called "Sand Paintings" show that the poet understands and has entered into the Indian way of thinking. The book carries the sub-title "Poems of New Mexico," and this region, although in some respects as exotic as the South Sea Islands, is nevertheless a part of our native inheritance; and the citizen of New Mexico must, unless completely insensitive, be responsive in some measure to the influence of the soil.

Nothing, of course, remains "alien" in art once it has been absorbed and recreated by the artist or poet. Gauguin brought the South Sea Islands to France, but he did not thereby cease to be a French artist. There is a considerable population west of the Mississippi much more subject to Indian influences than Mr. Lippman realizes; and one cannot, of course, prevent this population from producing an occasional poet or artist, or control the subjective sources of his inspiration.

International Studio for March.

A beautiful number—beautiful especially in illustrations, several of which are of local interest. Walter Ufer's painting "Autumn" is one of these, although the cut hardly does it justice even when one makes allowance for its being in black and white. The "Studio" speaks of his work exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy: "Walter Ufer strikes an original note. I like his work immensely. It is strong and supple, both as regards line and coloring. It gives the effect of ease, which so many painters lack." "The Bathers" by Laura Knight, A. R. W. S., which is reproduced in colors, recalls that the Museum has had two exhibits by this eminent British artist, whose brother is a resident of New Mexico and through whom the exhibit was received. Reproductions in half tone and duo tint of paintings by Jose Pinazo y Martínez and pictures of the equestrian statue of "Gran Capitan Gonzalo de Cordoba" and "Forma" by Mateo Inurria are of passing interest. A page is given to an ancient sculpture recently unearthed at Cyrene where the Archaeological Institute accomplished notable results with an unfortunate expedition a few years ago. Artists, no doubt, will delight in a series of illustrations from prints shown in the 39th annual exhibition of The Royal Society of Painters, Etchers and Engravers. Two reviews of the work of the late J. Francis Murphy are given together with typical examples of his landscapes. The Philadelphia Academy exhibit is treated at length and fully illustrated.

April Number of Asia.

Tahiti and the other South Sea Islands are the principal theme of the April number of "Asia" giving the issue an exotic cast even beyond its usual aspect. W. Somerset Maugham contributes a story "Red," which is illustrated by Elmer Hader. "Charting the South Seas" is a brief geographical review followed by "Micronesia under the Moon" by Andrew Farrell. "Daughters of the Morning," a series of eight plates in duo tone from paintings by Paul Gauguin which fit into the preceding tale: "Micronesia under the Moon," and that which follows: "The Queen of the Tiare Hotel," each telling the story of Tahiti but each in a different vein. "The Shadow Folk," a Tahitian legend, includes "The Song of the Teva" which, like many a song of the Tewas near Santa Fe, is addressed to the Rain and the Wind. There is much more that tells of the charm of the South Sea and its tropic islands, where as "in Tahiti, away from Papeete and its comic opera civilization, there are still quiet bays where life is lived much as it was in the golden age before the white man came with his rum and diseases and strange ideas of good and evil. There, man's needs are few. The forest and the sea yield him all he needs save the bit of bright calico that serves him as a garment."